The SPEECH of his Grace, the Duke of M----------, which was verily and indeed ſpoken to the Firſt Regiment of Foot-Guards, *June* 2, 1715.

Gentlemen,

I AM very much concern'd to find
Your Juſt Complaints of any kind,
And that Debates amongſt you roſe
About the *State* of your new Cloaths,
As if your Shirts and Woollen-Ware,
Were brought, of late, from *Hannover*.
I this occaſion take to tell you,
'Twas never in my Head to Sell you;
Nor ſhall my Name-ſake, or old *Tatton*,
On my dear Soldiers Linen fatten;
And tho' Two Thouſond Pounds they took
Of One whoſe Name begins with *Brook*——
I never thought the Dog would Cheat you,
Or this Uneaſineſs create you;
For He's a *Presbyterian* true,
And loves *King George* as well as you.
Henceforth on this you may depend,
That I will your Condition mend;
And on my Part, no Application
Shall e'er be wanting in my Station,
To find out thoſe who have miſus'd us.
And by their damn'd Deſigns abus'd us.
I'll ſearch thro' all the dark Receſſes
Where Taylors haunt, and looſe Sempſtreſſes;
I'll trace the skulking Alleys round,
And, if above-ground to be found,
(To whomſoever it ſhall happen,
If I can take the Wretches napping)
I am reſolved to demand,
And nought ſhall my Reſolves withſtand,
A juſt and ample Satisfaction
On all the *Yard* and *Thimble* Faction,
And make them know that I preſided,
When *Blenheim*'s Fate, the World's decided.
Nothing can be too much, I'll ſwear it,
For Men of your undoubted Merit.
I've order'd all your Cloaths anew,
Becoming ſuch a King and you;
Your Old Ones pray be pleas'd to wear,
Until the New compleated are,
Which on my Honour you ſhall ſee,
Before much Older you can be.
Both you and I have ſerv'd abroad,
And ſeveral Campaigns have made;
You for a Groat a Day, but I!
Had ſomething more, I can't deny;
And tho' defaming Scriblers tell ye,
I often us'd to *Pinch your Belly*?
Yet I'll defie the greateſt *Jack*——
To ſay I ever *Robb'd your Back*:
Tho' *W*——*pole* has deducted from ye,
While I conniv'd at my Dear Honey,
And *Cad*——— and *Card*—— have filch'd your Money,
I never yet detain'd a Shilling,
Or wrong'd you of your Pay, when *willing*.
I hope this Juſtice I ſhall find,
From you, and from a World unkind,
For I proteſt like *Holy Derviſe*,
If I can be of any Service,
The Leaſt of you may me command,
And I am ready at your Hand;
Tho' if I durſt, and by the Bye, [*Aſide.*]
I would have cruſh'd this Mutiny,
By Martial Laws obtain'd my Ends,
On *Tory* Rogues, and *Ormond*'s Friends,
And in another manner us'd you,
Had not your Numbers thus excus'd you:
Not by Colloguing and good Cheer,
By Pipes and Hogſheads of ſtrong Beer;
Not by a formal Speech harranguing,
But by ſound Bullets and true Hanging.
Yet ſince ſuch Methods can't be taken,
And we can ſcarcely *ſave our Bacon*,
I leave you now to Drink and Feaſt,
And love King *George*, of Kings, the beſt.

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